

Torrance Herald

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Strange Economy



An Earned Chance

City Councilman Nick Drale, who has served in that capacity since 1948 and for one of those years as mayor, stepped up his bid for the Democratic nomination in the 67th Assembly District this week and promised a "fight to the wire" in his bid to unseat the Gardena incumbent. For Torrance Democrats who find themselves in the 67th District after the reapportionment of the state's political boundaries last year, Drale's entrance into the race offers a chance to put local representation in Sacramento. In his campaign, Drale has pledged a fight against gambling and has paid particular attention to the commercial poker establishments in the 67th District, which he has blasted on several occasions. Drale's candidacy deserves the consideration of his party—a party he has served well during his many active years in the area. The HERALD believes Mr. Drale has earned the support of Democrats in this area and that he has earned the chance to represent the 67th District in Sacramento.

We Don't Need Wards

Opening flurries of a campaign to divide Torrance into political wards have emanated from the camps of some City Council candidates who waged unsuccessful campaigns for election last April. Some merit may be advanced for councilmanic districts, and the time may come when Torrance could be better served by a City Council composed of representatives of various sections of the city. The HERALD does not believe, however, that the need for partitioning the city into such wards has been demonstrated. On the contrary, it appears the flurry of activity in this direction has been promulgated by selfish interests—having been denied a mandate at the polls in April, some in convincing fashion, the would-be councilmen are now seeking to gerrymander the voting blocs into more compatible shapes for the next election. Dividing the city into wards has many objectionable potentials. All of the old political tricks of pork-barrelling, log-rolling, and horse trading are normally associated with ward politics and there is little reason to believe that Torrance would escape its share of such undesirable shenanigans. As it now stands, Torrance has seven members of a City Council elected by and responsible to every segment of the city. Councilmen who think they can ignore or shortchange a section of the city now are in for serious trouble—not only at the polls but week by week as neighbor joins neighbor to form a formidable pressure group at city hall. The system has worked well and is working well, we believe, and there is no crying need to tamper with it. We suggest that persons sincerely interested in the quality of their municipal government rise up against the short-sighted, politically motivated ward system proposal. We neither need it nor want it.

Opinions of Others

A lot of people nowadays make more than they earn and spend more than they make.—Tenino (Wisc.) Independent.

Babies, one fondly prized as additions, are now prized as deductions.—Boyme City (Mich.) Citizen.

If the grass looks greener on the other side of the fence, maybe you need to water the spot where you now stand.—Palmetto (Fla.) Suncoast News.

The fellow who falls down usually gets up quicker than the one who sits down.—Watkinsville (Ga.) Oconee Enterprise.

When it comes to medical care, who should the public believe—the professional men of medicine or the liberal politicians who want to buy votes with a handout of free hospitalization? The answer should be obvious—health is a matter that should not be turned over to political witch doctors.—Hagerstown (Md.) Herald.

Editors Oppose Federal Aid to Education Bills

The federal government should stay out of the school business. That's the overwhelming opinion of a cross-section of America's weekly newspaper editors just polled by the trade magazine, The American Press. Most editors agree that federal aid to education would be a dangerous way to solve our nation's education problem. Of 402 editors who answered the American Press survey (1,186 were polled), less than 33 per cent favored the aid to education proposals advanced by the Kennedy administration. Don Carpenter, Montrose (Calif.) Ledger: "Federal aid to education is a pathetic fallacy, based on a strong belief in a federal Santa Claus. Any area that wants its kids educated should be willing to pay the freight."

FROM the MAILBOX

Couple Decries Squelch Put on Musical Teeners

Editor, Torrance Herald: On a recent Sunday, we had the opportunity to view and hear a group of teenage boys as they played guitars and drums at the Torrance Park. There was nothing loud or abusive in the way the group performed. My family, along with some forty to fifty other people, were enthralled by the lovely melodies being played. Imagine our surprise when the police came and told the kids they were too loud, and that they could not amplify their music. Some one on Santa Fe Street had complained. Yet at the time (2:30 in the afternoon) in a public park, the yelling and screaming from the ball park could be heard two blocks away. At the same time, on another side of the street, the whine of a motor driven saw and hammering of nails could be heard at an equal distance. Why, why, why? We, the public, should get behind these teenagers who are providing clean and wholesome entertainment rather than drive them into the streets where they could get into trouble by vandals. It is high time we commend and encourage the teenagers to put their energies to something constructive. The complaint on Santa Fe should look around—and instead of damning, should be praising these youths for trying to stay on the right side and become useful citizens.

MR. AND MRS. FRANK BURK Torrance

On Car Clubs

Editor, Torrance Herald: The car-driving "teenager" is always in trouble nowadays. Everyone is always criticizing, always blaming them for accidents, and near misses. I, for one, am thankful that we have these teenagers driving on our roads. Saturday night on Pacific Coast Highway, I had car trouble. I was standing in the street not knowing what to do when a car pulled up in front of me and a boy got out and asked if he could help. Just about this time another car pulled up behind me and two more boys got out. The three talked over the condition of my car and offered to drive me home. As I got out in front of my house and was thanking these boys, they handed me a card. On this card was printed: "Assisted by The Crankers." I have no idea what community these boys are from—Redondo, Torrance, or where have you. Whatever town they represent, this town should be proud of their teenage drivers and car clubs.

Too Much Play

Editor, Torrance Herald: I've had an anger building in me for the last three weeks. My 10-year-old attends

ROYCE BRIER

Spooky Days Forecast In Land of Automation

One thing de Tocqueville in Democracy in America (1838) noticed about us was that we were fascinated or "spooked," as they said, by anything new. There were railroads and soon photographs, sewing machines and reapers. Our grandparents thought themselves quite as wonderful in progress as do we, though there were some scoffers who thought a little less progress and a little better solutions for what was in hand might be nice. In this century we have automation. This is a bugaboo to workers who see themselves displaced, and a darling for deep thinkers, who see an unexampled creeping menace which cannot be escaped, but which is worth much dooming meditation and exposition. And doubtless the most spooky form of automation is the computer, in its higher form, the electronic brain.

school from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. After play periods and lunch hour, there's not much time left for learning. Surely it isn't necessary for the children to practice dancing for three hours out of each day and coming home exhausted. Is May Day so important that their education comes as a second thought? Three months vacation in the summer, two weeks for Christmas, and a week for Easter! How do you answer your child when he comes to you and asks, "why do we have to have such a long time off? There is nothing to do, I forget so many things when I don't have my books." I wonder how others feel about this situation. Education is more important now in our society than ever before. I attended a one-room country school until I came to the Los Angeles area 20 years ago and spent two years in a junior high school reviewing my past education. I have found that many of today's high school students who have babysat for me can't do simple arithmetic. To sum it up, we need better teachers, smaller classrooms, more work, and less play.

Mrs. M. E. THOMAS 117 W. 214th St.

AFTER HOURS By John Morley

This I Believe...

The cold war needs cool heads. Vice-president Johnson has practically nothing on his mind except the health of President Kennedy. There is something wrong when we can spend 20 billion to reach the moon... and can't afford even one billion to create a non-political body to reach a plan for peace. It's misleading to suggest that in a democracy decisions are made by the majority of the people. Decisions are made by a majority of those who speak up. Politicians claim that without them America would descend into chaos. But it's the same with them. The only difference is that the chaos is under professional management.

You don't know where to turn these days. The "leftists" are fighting the rightists" and vice versa. And the lonely "middle roaders" are being attacked by both sides. Our private enterprise system can only survive if self-restraint is practiced by all groups who hold actual or potential economic power. America can avoid economic and moral collapse only if the "something for nothing" parasitic era is replaced by the traditional era of initiative and hard work.

The common man isn't half as forgotten as the man in the middle. The most amazing thing about America that I try to emphasize to my audiences abroad is that with the exception of a few Indians, all Americans are descendants of refugees and immigrants. Independence can never be gained by dependence on anyone... government, relative, employer or friend.

My state of California is the paradise of the "haves" and the purgatory of the "have nots." For a man to be working inside an office or factory on a beautiful day is a necessity. But for a woman to be playing bridge is an insult to nature. I have never known of a man full of courage who was not also full of faith. Experience teaches a person very little. It's serious observation that does the trick. To keep dwelling on the past is kind of boring, no matter how rewarding it has been. It's the present and future that will test your salt and your happiness.

Business men entertaining on expense accounts can hardly tell whether they are at leisure or at work. Real pleasure begins when the bill is on you, not the company. I wish I knew how to find a happy medium between internal pride and external modesty. One of the worst things to do to a man is to put him in the wrong. One can succeed in various ways... by what he knows... by what he can do... and a few succeed by what they are.

At least once a day some lowly man becomes a genius at something. Success is never quite achieved. I dread the thought of reaching for some kind of success and then attaining it. I prefer the state of continual reaching for something without letup. When I quit trying, I hope the good Lord will be kind and call me home.

The greatest obligation of parents is to prepare their child to understand and deal with the world in which he will live... not the world before him, or the world the parents prefer. Human nature never changes and probably never will. Humans will blow up this planet... or organize it in some way. The problems are the same as always. Some people are handsome... some are ugly... some are lucky... some are unlucky... some have brains... some have brawn... some have neither. To change human nature one must negotiate with the Maker... and until He is ready to negotiate, we can only do the best we can.

There is probably just as much religion outside church as in... just as much love out of marriage as in... just as much brain power outside college as in... which means in plain language that life cannot be measured by customs, habits or graphs. No one really owns anything. Only death holds the final key to our possessions. A true friend will not sympathize with your weakness... he will help you discover your strength. Whatever man creates he can destroy. It is not possible to create a nuclear missile that cannot be destroyed by another one. The longer we allow ourselves to be involved in a difficulty, the less likely it can be solved... the present cold war is no exception.

Our Man Hoppe Chicken Little vs. The Men of Science

There's no group everybody respects more highly than our Scientists, whose unflagging curiosity drives them to tinker unceasingly. Thereby opening up new worlds for mankind. As Scientists are wont to point out.

Over the years, these dedicated men of Science have pattered about in their laboratories, knocking over test tubes and burning things in the oven. Sometimes blowing themselves up, sometimes accidentally discovering automobile tires, penicillin or GL-70. And by constantly pointing to these blessings, they have made the right to tinker, to explore, to research, a respected Scientific right. Virtually inalienable. And certainly not one to be questioned by us laymen. Who don't even speak Science. So now I see where our Scientists are happily planning to blow up the inner Van Allen radiation belt, which has encircled our earth for eons. In order to see what will happen.

It is my personal opinion that our respected Scientists have gone smack out of their respected minds. The Van Allen belt, as you know, is made up of tiny cosmic particles held up by the earth's magnetic field. But our Scientists have discovered, by golly, that by setting off an H-bomb 500 miles up in the sky next month, they can "deform" the magnetic field. And the belt will fall on our heads. They can hardly wait. They say reassuringly they don't think this will hurt us. As far as they know. And anyway, they say they can't see where the belt is really good for anything much. As far as they know. And we'll all be just as well off without it. As far as they know. Hitherto, I've never cared much one way or the other about the Van Allen belt. I could take it or leave it alone. But suddenly I find myself very highly pro-belt. In fact, fanatically pro-belt.

I would like to point out to these Scientists, who are not terribly sure what will happen in a beltless future, that I know what's happened in a belted past. That belt's been around ever since the first amoeba crawled out of the ooze and stood on its hind legs. Under that belt, fish evolved, birds evolved, man evolved and Scientists evolved. Under that belt, fish swim slitheringly, birds fly prettily, squirrels hoard thriftily, flowers grow beautifully and children laugh on their way from school. It may or may not be doing us any good. But nobody's said it's doing us any harm. Furthermore, I'd like to point out to our Scientists that it's damn well not their belt to tinker with. It's my belt. It's my belt and your belt and our children's belt. It belongs equally to us, the Tottentots, the Syrians, the flowers, the squirrels, the birds and the fish. Nor has one of us stockholders even been asked for a proxy permitting these Scientists to tinker with our belt. Much less blow it up. What I'm saying is that Science is still a very inexact science. And not even our respected Scientists are old enough to play with H-bombs. Nor wise enough to rearrange our cosmos to their liking. Perhaps, as Scientists like to say, this isn't the best of all possible worlds. But I love it. The fish and the squirrels and the children love it. After all, it's the only one we've got.

Morning Report:

Our congressmen, like the rest of us, find it easy to settle the big issues involving the world and even the universe. It's the little problems—like boosting the cost of mailing a letter by a penny—that throws them. The latest plan would allow the householder to send back mail he finds "obnoxious and offensive." At present the proposed law would be limited to so-called "junk mail," but this is a dangerous precedent. If we are to be allowed to judge the contents of our letters, havoc will result. For one thing, not a store in the land will be able to deliver a bill by mail. Abe Mellinkoff